

And the murmuring waters whisper,
"All may change, but nothing ever
Lives for naught—its object answered
It may change, but still forever

Lives the truth that it has spoken ;
Wave on wave the circle spreading ;
Lives, though buffeted and broken,
Through the course of ages, threading.

Worlds may perish ; Love will never ;
Soul with Soul its cords entwining,
Naught in earth or hell can sever ;
Through all clouds its light is shining."

THE SOWING.

Once more the day in early May
Smiles on the dewy earth,
Chasing in play the mists away,
That have in night their birth.

The opening leaves upon the trees,
Coaxed forth by April showers ;
And the sun's rays in warm May days
Form shady fragrant bowers.